ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

STROTHER BROS.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

Strange how much sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love-letters pent
In their pink covers:
Day after day they came
Feeding love's fickle flame;
Now, she has changed her name—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band
Round the square bundle, and
See what a dainty hand
Scribbled to fill it
Full of facetious chat;
Fancy how long she sat
Molding the bullets that
Came with each billet!

Ah, I remember still
Time that I used to kill
Waiting the postman's shrill,
Heart-stirring whistles,
Calling vague doubts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
One he had left behind
Of her epistles.

Seconds become an age
At this exciting stage;
Two eager eyes the page
Scan for a minute;
Then, with true lover's art,
Study it part by part,
Until they know by heart
Everything in it.

What is it all about?
Dashes for words left out—
Pronouns beyond a doubt!
Very devoted.
Howells she's just begun;
Dobson her heart has won;
Locker and Tennyson
Frequently quoted.

Criss-cross the reading goes,
Rapturous rhyme and prose—
Words which I don't suppose
Look very large in
Books on the "ologies:"
Then there's a tiny frieze
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin.

Lastly—don't pause to laugh!—
That is her autograph
Signing this truce for half
Her heart's surrender;
Post-scriptum, one and two—
Desserts—the dinner's through!—
Linking the "I" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all
Save one, and let me call
Brief notice to this small
Note neatly written:
'Tis but a card, you see,
Gently informing me
That it can never be!—
This is the mitten!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman, in Century Magazine.*

A CHANCE WORD.

Myra Sydney was sitting in the window of her little parlor watching the slow rising of a storm over the opposite sky. Even city streets have their opportunities. This street in which Miss Sydney dwelt was in the outskirts of a suburb, where building plots were still generously measured. It ran along the ridge of a slope, and Miss Sydney's house had the further advantage of standing opposite a group of vacant lots, beyond which, above the roofs and chimneys on the lower streets, a line of blue hills was visible, topped with woods and dappled with cloud shadows.

Many an autumn sunset had she watched from her front windows; many a soft spring rain and whirling snowstorm. To some natures there are both companionship and compensation in the changeful aspects of nature. Myra was one of these. She would not have exchanged her little house with its wide view for any other, however magnificent, whose boundaries were brick walls alone; and sky, and sun, and hill, made for the leisure moments of her busy life a perpetual and unwearying feast.

The room in which Miss Sydney sat expressed its owner as rooms will, whether meant to do so or not. In no respect of size or shape did it differ from No. 11 on one side, or No. 13 on the other, yet its aspect was anything rather than commonplace. The prevailing tint on the wall and floor was a soft olive, which made a background for brighter colored things; for the old Indian shawl, which did duty as a portiere; for a couple of deep-hued Eastern rugs; for pictures of various kinds and values, and a sprinkling of bric-a-brac, odd rather than valuable, but so chosen as to be in thorough harmony with its surroundings.

Everything had a use. No pitfalls yawned for unwary guests in the shape of minute tables, Queen Anne or otherwise, laden with trumpery biscuit or Sevres, and ready to upset with a touch. A couple of short, old-fashioned sofas flanked the fire-place on either side. two or three easy-chairs and a firm-set, low table, laden with books and periodicals, completed a sort of circle where ten or a dozen persons could group themselves around the blaze. Miss Sydney herself, slight, vivid and very simply dressed, but without an ungraceful point or fold, was in accordance with her room.

The clock struck seven. The black cloud had crept to the zenith, and now a strong gust of wind swept from beneath it, bringing on its wings the first drop of rain. Miss Sydney rose and shut the window. At that moment the door-bell rang.

"It's two girls with a parcel, Miss Myra," said Esther, the parlor-maid. "They'd like to speak with you, they say."

Miss Sydney went out into her little entry. The girls, about the same age, were of the unmistakable shop-girl type. "You are from Snow & Asher's, I think?" she said, in her courteous voice.

"Yes'm. Mr. Snow said he wasn't sure which of the under-waists it was that you took, so he sent both kinds, and will you try 'em on, please?"

"Certainly. Are you to wait for them?"

"Yes'm."

Miss Sydney made what haste she could, but before she returned the rain was falling in torrents. "You must wait till it slackens," she said. "You'll be very wet if you don't. Have you far to go?"

"She has," replied one of the girls, with an embarrassed giggle. "I'm pretty near by, and the horse-car runs just in front of the door. But Cary has to walk quite a long way, and her shoes are thin, too. She'd better wait, I guess, but I must go, anyway."

Miss Sydney glanced at the shoes—cheap, paper-soled boots, with a dusty, velvet bow sewed on the toe of each, and she, too, concluded that by all means "Cary" must wait.

"Come in here," she said, leading the way into the parlor. Esther had now lighted the lamp. A little fire sparkled on the hearth. Myra drew an easy chair close to it. "Sit down and have a thorough warming," she said. "It is a chilly evening."

"Yes'm."

The girl thrust the velvet-bowed snoes, which gaped for lack of buttons, out to the fire, and, half from embarrassment, held up a hand to shade her face. It was a small hand, with an ambiguous red gem on the forefinger. The nails were all bitten to the quick, Miss Sydney noticed.

The face shaded by the hand was not unpretty. The brown eyes had a straightforward, honest glance, the mouth was rather sweet, there was that delicacy of modeling, just bordering on fragility, which gives to the early youth of so many American women a fleeting charm. It was a face which softly-banded hair and a low knot would suit; but, with the bad taste of her class, "Cary" had adopted the style of coiffure which became her least. All the front hair was an unkempt tangle of "bang." At the back was a mass of jute switches, braided and surmounted with a gilt comb, and on top of the erection was perched a straw hat lined with blue and ornamented with a bedraggled cock's tail. The dress, of cheap material, was blue also, and was frilled and flounced into a caricature of the prevailing fashion. A ruffle of soiled lace surrounded the girl's neck, beneath which, over a not over-clean muslin tie, hung a smart locket of yellow metal — very yellow. Bangles clinked round the slender wrists. Beneath the puffed and ruffled skirt a shabby petticoat of gray cotton peeped out. Though the weather was chill, the girl wore no wrap. Miss Sydney noted these details in half the time it has taken to describe them, and stirred with a pity that was half indignation, she said:

"My child, how could you think of coming out on such a day without a shawl?"

"I haven't any shawl."

"Well, a jacket, then."

"I haven't any jacket, either, that matches this dress," glancing complacently down at the beruffled skirt.

"But you would rather wear a jacket that didn't match your dress than catch a cold, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," admitted the girl, in rather an unwilling tone. "But the only one I've got is purple, and it looks horrid with this blue." Noting dissent in her companion's face, she added: "We poor girls can't have a wrap for every dress, like rich ladies do."

"No," said Miss Sydney, gently, "I know it. I never attempt to have a different wrap for each dress I wear. I can not afford it, either."

"Cary" stared. "How queer!" she began, then changed it to: "But you and us are quite different, ma'am."

There was something wistful in the face, which touched Myra Sydney. "It will be time wasted, I dare say," she said to herself, "still I should like, just for once, to argue out the dress question with a girl like this. She is one of a great class, and, poor things, they are so dreadfully foolish and ignorant." She made no immediate reply to her companion, but rose and rang the bell.

"I am going to give you a cup of tea," she said. "Hark, how it rains! You can't go yet, and you will be less likely to take cold when you do go, if you start well warmed. Besides, I want to have you stay. I should like to have a little talk over this question of dress, which is so interesting to all of us women." She smiled brightly at her guest, who, as if dazzled, watched the entrance of the tray with its bubbling kettle, its plates of thin bread, and butter, and crisp, dainty cakes; watched Myra measure the tea, warm the pot of gay Japanese ware, and when the brew was ready, fill the thin-lipped cups, and drop in sugar and cream.

"How nice!" she said, with a sigh of satisfaction. Her heart opened under the new, unwonted kindness and comfort, and Miss Sydney had little difficulty in learning what she wished to know. Cary Thomas was the girl's name. She had lived "at home" till two years ago. Did she like the city? Yes, she liked it well enough, but it was not much like home to board. She and another girl that worked at Snow & Asher's had a room together out in Farewell street. They had pretty good times when they were not too full of work, but in the busy season they stayed so late at the store that they didn't want anything when they got home, except to go straight to bed. They got seven dollars a week, and more when there was extra work to do.

"Can you lay up anything out of that?" asked Miss Sydney.

"No, ma'am, not a cent; at least, I don't. There are some girls in the store that do, but they've got sick friends to save for."

"Now," said Miss Sydney, having thus felt her way, "to go back to the jacket question. As I told you, I can't at all afford to have one for every dress."

"Can't you, ma'am; and what do you do, then?"

"I buy one jacket which will do with everything I wear."

"But that isn't a suit," said Cary, doubtfully.

"No; but is it absolutely necessary everything should be a suit?"

"The girls at our store think so much of suits," she said, in a puzzled tone of self-defense.

"I know some people have a fancy for them, and they are very pretty sometimes. But don't you see that they must cost a great deal of money, and that working people, you and myself, for instance, ought to manage more carefully?"

"Do you work, ma'am?"

"To be sure I do. You look surprised. Ah, you think that because I have a little home of my own, and live in a pretty room, I must be a fine lady with nothing to do. That's a mistake of yours. I work nearly as many hours a day as you do, and earn the greater part of my own income, and I have to consult economy to keep my home and make it pleasant, and among the things which I can't afford to have, are 'suits.'"

"I wish you'd tell me how you do, ma'am."

"I will, though I'm not in the habit of talking quite so freely about my affairs, but I'll tell you, because it may give you an idea of how to manage better for yourself. In the first place I keep to two or three colors. I have a black gown or two, and an olive-brown, and this yellowish-green that you see, and some lighter ones, white or pale yellow. Now with any one of these the same bonnet will do. The one I am wearing now is black, with a little jet and pale yellow, and it goes perfectly well with all my dresses, and so does my black cashmere jacket, and my parasol and gloves, which are yellow also. Don't you see that there is an economy in this, and that if I had a purple dress, and a blue one and a brown, I should want a different bonnet for each, and different gloves and a different parasol?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," said Cary, drawing a long breath. "I'd like to do something different myself, but I don't suppose I'd know how—"

"Would you mind if I told you what I think?" asked Myra, gently.

"No'm, I'd thank you."

"It seems to me that the chief trouble with girls who work in stores is that they care more for being what they call 'stylish,' than for being either neat or pretty. A young girl can look her best in a simple dress, if it is well put on and becoming."

"That's what mother used to say. And Mark, he always liked me best in a white bib apron. To be sure he never saw me in city clothes"—she stopped, blushing.

"Is Mark your brother?" asked Myra. Then she smiled at her own stupidity, for such a deep flush as mantled in Cary's cheek is seldom evoked by the mention of a brother.

"No'm, he's just a—friend. His folks and mine live opposite."

"In Gilmanton, and is he a farmer?"

"His father farms, and Mark works for him; but his time is out in the spring, and then he calculates to set up for himself."

"Does he ever come to the city?"

"No, not once since I was here, but he speaks some of coming down along toward spring, and that's one reason I like to look as stylish as I can, so's not to be different from the rest when Mark comes."

"I think in his place I should prefer you to be different," said Miss Sydney, decidedly. "Now, Cary, don't be offended, but what you girls aim at is to look like the ladies who come to the shop, isn't it?—'stylish,' as you would say?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," admitted Cary.

"Well, then, I must tell you the plain truth; you utterly fail in your attempt. No one would mistake a girl, dressed as you are at the moment, for a lady; nobody!—but"—disregarding the deep flush on her companion's cheeks—"if I went into a shop, and saw there a young lady as pretty and as delicately made as you are, Cary, with hair as smooth as satin, and a simple gown that fitted exactly, and a collar and cuffs as white as snow, and perhaps a black silk apron or a white one, and with neat shoes and nice stockings, if I saw a girl dressed like that, with nothing costly, nothing that any girl can not have, but everything fresh, and neat, and pretty, I should say to myself: 'There is a shop-girl with the true instincts of a lady.' And Cary—don't think me impertinent—if Mark came to town and saw a girl like that among the crowd of untidy, over-dressed ones at Snow & Asher's, I think the contrast would strike him as it would me—agreeably!"

Miss Sydney paused, half frightened at her own daring. Cary looked steadily into the fire without speaking. The rain had ceased. Myra rose and threw back the blind, revealing the moon struggling through thin edges of cloud. Cary followed her to the window. Her cheeks were a deep red, but there was a frank and grateful look in her eyes as she said:

"I must be going, now, ma'am. You've been ever so good to let me stay. I shan't forget it, and—I guess you're about right."

"I wonder if I said the right thing, or have done the least good?" queried Miss Sydney, as she watched her guest depart.

It was some weeks before she had occasion again to visit Snow & Asher's, and she had half forgotten the little incident, when one day, entering the shop in quest of something, her attention was attracted by a face which beamed with sudden smiles at the sight of her. It was indeed Cary, but such a different Cary from the draggled vision of the wet evening! She still wore the blue dress, but the flounces had been ripped off, and the front was hidden by a black silk apron. The tangle of hair was smoothed like ordinary waves, a white collar with a knot of blue ribbon was round her neck; one of the objectionable rings had disappeared, and so had the yellow locket. So changed and so much prettier was the little maiden, that Miss Sydney scarcely knew her, till blush and smile pointed her out.

She waited on her customer with assiduity, and under cover of a box of ruffles they exchanged confidences. Did Miss Sydney think she looked better? She was so glad. The girls had laughed at her, at first, but not so much now, and her room-mate, Ellen Morris, had got herself an apron like hers. Miss Sydney left the shop with a pleased amusement at her heart. She meant to go often to keep a little hold on Cary, but circumstances took her off to Florida, soon afterward, and it was late in April when she returned.

"That girl from Snow & Asher's was here to see you about a week ago, ma'am," said Esther, the evening after her arrival. "I told her you was expected Tuesday, and she said she would come again to-day, for she wanted to speak to you particular, and she was going away. There she is, now."

Cary, indeed, it was, with a steady, manly-looking fellow by her side.

"It is Mark, Miss Sydney," she said, by way of introduction. Later, when Mark had walked over to the window to see the view, she explained farther in a rapid undertone: "He came down two months ago, while you was away, ma'am. I came out to tell you, but you was gone, and—and day after to-morrow I'm—going back with him to Gilmanton. I told him he must bring me out to-night, for I couldn't leave here without saying good-bye to you."

"You are going to be married?"

"Yes"—with a happy look—"to-morrow morning. And oh, Miss Sydney, what do you think Mark says? He says if he'd found me looking like the rest of the girls at the store, with false hair, and jewelry, and all that, he'd never in the world have asked me at all. And I did look just like that, you know. It was what you said that rainy night that made me change, and except for that nothing would have happened that has, and I shouldn't be the girl I am—"

"Bread on the waters," thought Myra, as a little later she watched the lovers walk down the street. "Such a little crumb, and such wide waters, yet it has come back! How impossible it seems, or would seem, if one did not have to believe that what we call chances and accidents are God's opportunities, by which He allows us to lend a helping hand in his work, not quite understanding what we do, but knowing that, guided by Him, the smallest things end sometimes in great results."

—*Susan Coolidge, in Congregationalist.*

A Wall Street Tumble.

Among the thousand of outsiders who dabbled in Wall street ten years ago was one—I don't want to give his real name, but we will call him Richards. He operated through our house, that is, the house in which I was employed as book-keeper, and, as he soon became a daily visitor, I got to know him so well that we often had a familiar chat. I sometimes met him in the evening besides, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. At first his luck in the street was pretty good, and one day, when he had made a thousand or so in an hour, he asked me to dine with him that evening at Delmonico's. Most of our talk was about the street, and when a bottle of wine had made it pretty free, I ventured to suggest that, as he had done pretty well, he should begin to think about getting out.

"Well," he said, "I have thought about it, but I don't see my way just yet. I must have $10,000 a year for my family, and how else can I get it?"

I asked him if his family was large, and he said it consisted of his wife, two daughters and a son.

"And you need $10,000 a year to live on; isn't that pretty high?"

"Well," he said, "high or low, I can't get on with less. The girls are always asking for money. In summer they must go to the watering-places with their mother, and in the winter there is a ball or a party every week. It costs a great deal of money, and the money must be had in some way."

"May I ask how much money you have as capital—that is, money you can really call your own?"

"Well, altogether, I suppose I could rake up $80,000. Now, what I want to know is how I could use that so as to make $10,000 a year. I don't really fancy the Wall street business, but what am I to do? I must have $10,000 a year, and, though I have looked around a good deal, I can not find any other business that will produce it."

"Why not reduce your expenses? You say you can't do with less than $10,000? I think you are mistaken. Many families live on less than $5,000, and some on $3,000. Does your family know just how much money you have?"

"I have tried over and over to make them understand, but it is no use. When they want anything there is no peace till they get it, and when I say I can not afford it they tell me they know I have plenty of money. I really can't make them understand or believe that my means are limited, and the amount of the matter is I must have $10,000 a year."

I lost sight of Richards soon after by going to another house where I had a better offer, but I heard from time to time that his luck was not so good. It must have been five years before I met him again. He looked like another man; his face was careworn and his clothing barely escaped shabbiness. After a few words I asked him if he was still in the street.

"No," he said, "that's all over."

"Well, I hope you came out all right?"

"All right?" Yes, if you call coming out without a dollar all right."

I was sorry, of course, to hear of his ill-luck, and asked him if he had gone into any busines. No, he said, it was not easy for a man with nothing to go into business; but his friends were trying to do something for him, and there was some hope that they would succeed. They were trying to get him a place in the custom-house. I asked him what the salary was, and he said he understood it was $1,500, with a chance of something better after a awhile. It would have been cruel to remind him of what he had said five years ago about not being able to live on less than $10,000, but while we were lunching together he gave me to understand that he was living, with his wife and daughters, in a small house on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and that the son had obtained a clerkship at fifteen dollars a week, which was the chief support of the family.—*N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

Merits of Mature Meat.

It is well enough to speak of "spring chickens," and to extol their qualities and merits, for it pays handsomely to raise them for market purposes, but when we come to look at them from a health stand-point, or economic one either, they do not appear as desirable. Those who know a good thing in the eating line, when they find it, seldom take an immature bird of any kind in preference to a matured one. We do not mean to say that an old bird is better than a young one, but we do say that a pullet or cockerel from twelve to fifteen months old is better every way (in an epicurean sense) than a three or four months' old bird, even though the latter would bring more in the early spring than would the former in the large city market. For our part we are more than willing that consumers should have their choice, when they are so ready and willing to pay roundly for it; but when we have our choice we always choose matured birds, which are fatter, juicier, more nutritious and wholesome, than which nothing is better, not even the much-lauded "spring chickens."

We would advise our breeders, however, to raise spring chickens by all means, as long as there is such a paying demand for them in our large city markets; but when you want any for your own use, use matured young birds. —*National Poultry Monitor.*

How to Cure Gossip.

A New York pastor has this advice to give on the subject. It is certainly an original plan:

Adopt this rule: Let all who come to you with stories about mutual acquaintances know that you intend, as soon as your duties allow, to wait upon the parties spoken of disparagingly and repeat just what was said, and who said it. Still better, take out your memorandum-book, and ask the party to allow you to copy the words, so that you can make no mistake.

You will have to do this probably not more than three times. It will fly among your acquaintances on the wings of the gossips, and persons who come to come to talk against other persons in your presence will begin to feel as if they were testifying under oath.

But you ask: "Will it not be mean to go off and detail conversations?" Not at all, when your interlocuter understands that he must not talk against an absent person in your presence, without expecting you to convey the words to the absent person and the name of the speaker. Moreover, what right has any man or woman to approach you and bind you to secrecy, and then poison your mind against another? If there be any difference in your obligations, are you not bound more to the man who is absent than the man who is present? If you can thus help to kill gossip, it will not matter if you lose a friend or two; such friends as these, who talk against others to you, are the very persons to talk against you to them.

Try our rule. We know it to be good. We use it. It is known in the church of which we are pastor that if any one speaks to us disparagingly of an absent member we hold it our duty to go to that absent member immediately, and report the conversation and the names, or still better, to make the party disparaging face the party disparaged. We have almost none of this to do. Amid the many annoyances which necessarily come to the pastor of a large church, and still larger congregation, we think that we are as free from the annoyance of gossips as it is possible for a man to be who lives among his fellow-men.

Try our rule; try it faithfully, with meekness and charity, and if it does not work well, let us know.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Advice to a Young Farmer.

A young man just married and with small means wants to know how to start right in farming. This is imposing upon us rather a serious task. We of course know nothing of his habits of industry, his love of labor or his qualifications for the business he seeks. Above all we do not know what kind of a wife he has selected, and very, very much depends upon this, for if he has chosen unwisely he has made an almost irreparable misstep. We will, however, lay down some general principles which may do others, if not him, some good:

First—Buy none but the best land. Ten acres of the best is better than a whole section of poor land.

Second—Keep it clear of weeds.

Third—Do nothing slipshod. Plow well and cultivate thoroughly.

Fourth—Do everything in the right season.

Fifth—Procure good implements and take good care of them.

Sixth—Raise none but good animals.

Seventh—Keep strict account of income and expenses.

Eighth—Keep out of debt and clear of security notes.

Ninth—Rise early and quit work early in the evening, so that you may have the chores done before the shades of night.

Tenth—Have nothing to do with traveling agents and strolling fiddlers. Deal with those who have a local habitation and a name.

Eleventh—Live peaceably with your wife. If you can not, coax her to go to Kamschatka and you go to Australia until you ventilate your affections.

Twelfth—Live at peace with all your neighbors, even if you have to make the concessions and submit to all the wrong.

Thirteenth—Take good papers and keep yourself posted as to markets, news, literature and politics.

Fourteenth—Study to know your whole duty to yourself, your family, your country and your God.

Follow these things and they will naturally lead you into all the duties of a good farmer, a good citizen and a prosperous and happy man.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Chicago Marriage Statistics.

The County Clerk issued 163 marriage licenses during the past week. There were three brides who were but 16 years old. In one case the groom was 13 years older, in one 10 years, and in another 7 years. A groom of 50 years was married to a bride of 26 years. The average age of the men was 28 years and of the women 23 years. Of the former there were seventy-three who were 25 years or less, and only seven between 40 and 50 years. Fifty-five were between the years of 25 and 30, and twenty-eight between 30 and 40. Of the women four were between 40 and 50 years. The largest number, eighty, were between 20 and 25 years. Twenty-three were between 25 and 30 years, and forty-seven 20 years or less.

An unusual occurrence was the application of George A. Hamilton for two licenses, which were issued to him. His explanation was that, he being a Catholic and the lady to whom he is to be married a Protestant, and both desiring to have the marriage solemnized according to the laws of the church to which they were members, he found it necessary to have two licenses. The statutes compel the clergyman who officiates at the marriage to make a return to the County Clerk, with his certificate attached. The clergyman who officiates at the first ceremony would have to retain the license and make his return under it. The clergyman who officiates at the second ceremony must also make a return, which, of course, he could not do without having a license, and the only way out of the difficulty—the first clergyman having the original license—was to obtain a second license.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Connecticut has a boy whose arm grows out of the middle of his back.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Mollie Garfield and Miss Fanny Hayes, daughters of two ex-Presidents, attend the same school in Cleveland.

—A young tooth coming out as natural as if in childhood, is nursed by Mrs. Isabella Weeden, of Colusa, Col., who is the mother of two boys over seventy-eight years old.—*Chicago Times.*

—There are two ladies in the neighborhood of Newbern, Ala., who were living in that section before Alabama was a State. That was before 1819. The act organizing the territory dates two years previously.

—"For fifty-four years I was an inveterate cigar-smoker," says Thurlow Weed in his autobiography, "though never using tobacco in any other form. During that period I learn, by a somewhat careful computation, that I must have smoked or given to friends at least eighty thousand cigars."

—Mrs. Eliza Gracie Halsey, widow of Rev. Charles Halsey, and daughter of the late Charles King, LL. D., President of Columbia College, died at Elizabeth, N. J., recently, in her seventy-third year. Mrs. Halsey, at the age of fourteen years, welcomed Lafayette to New York, at Castle Garden, when he visited this country in 1824.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Colonel William E. Curtis, managing editor of the *Inter Ocean* is, it may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless the fact, the author and composer of the beautiful ballads which sporadically appear supplementary to our esteemed contemporary. One of these ballads: "Wait till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie," is now before us. We are not acquainted with Jennie, but no confidence is violated in the statement that the ballad is one of extraordinary merit.—*Chicago News.*

—Miss Murphy, of San Francisco, who was married the other day to Baronet Wolseley, could not have married him for his title. Her husband, who is old enough to be her father, is only a Baronet, while her papa, who was plain Dan Murphy when he left Cork for San Francisco several years ago, is now a Marquis—of the Holy Roman Empire—and a Knight of St. Gregory. The Pope made him both five or six years ago. The Pope also sent his blessing to the young couple. Old Murphy, when he got spliced to Lady Wolseley's mamma did not receive any papal blessing. They got on very well, however. Their bank account runs into the millions.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—"Here, boys!" exclaimed a kind old grandma, "I wouldn't slide down those banisters. I wouldn't do it!" "You wouldn't do it, grandma? Why, you couldn't!" exclaimed little Tommy. —*Eli Perkins.*

—In one chapter.—Boy—melon—shady spot—secluded nook—yum! yum! all gone—boy sighs—colic comes—boy howls—mother scares—father jaws—doctor comes—colic goes—boy well—wants more—(notice of funeral hereafter.)—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A private message to the Boston *Post* says that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals threatens to arrest Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, and a number of other New York farmers. They haven't watered their stock for over a month.

—The speaker who alluded to his candidate as "the war-horse that snuffed the battle from afar," climbed up to the composition room with a club after reading it in the paper as "the ward boss that snatched the bottle from a bar."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—It is a common saying that a woman can't keep a secret as well as a man. All bosh. Why, a woman will keep a secret that a man would forget in two hours, long enough to spread it over two counties. She never loses her grip on it till she gets a better one.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Poot's wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poots, "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."—*Lowell Courier.*

—"Mamma," cried a little four-year-old girl, after coming from a walk with her next oldest sister, "Mamie shoved against me and pushed me down right before some gentlemen, and hurt me, too. "Well, it doesn't hurt you now, does it? Then why do you cry?" "'Cause I didn't cry any when she pushed me down."—*Kentucky Journal.*

—The high-school girl asked her brother Jim to go with her to the festival Wednesday night. For a wonder he was willing, and replied: "I'm your oyster." "Dear! dear! shall I never be able to impress upon your mind the utter wickedness of slang?" said she; "you should say: 'I am your acephalous mollusk.'"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Unwilling to Accuse.

An old negress tried hard to heed the old motto "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—say nothing but good of the dead—in speaking about a neighbor. It shows how one can avoid making a direct statement, and yet actually make it by implication. The Arkansaw *Traveller* says that a gentleman stopped at the old negress' cabin and talked with her concerning the prospects of her crop.

"I did hab fo' or five fine hogs," she said, "but da's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now."

"Did somebody steal them?"

"I neber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan like ter say what became of de shoats. I neber makes mischief, I doesn't."

"Did the hogs die?"

"Da muster died; but yer ain't agwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin my neighbors. De man what libed up dar is dead now, and I ain't agwine ter say nuthin' agin him. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin'; but I ain't agwinter say nuthin' agin him."

"Do you think that he took them?"

"Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan wanter say nuthin' agin him; but, lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."